

Good Morning 497

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

MOTHERED... SMOTHERED...

'TACTICIAN' COMES HOME TO ALFRETON

BEING "adopted" is the grandest on-shore experience in the world. Ask the lads of H.M.S. Submarine "Tactician" who have experienced it en bloc. What a time! And now they have something to talk about for months.

It all arose through the Warship Week at lovely market town Alfreton, in Derbyshire. The residents knocked up enough money to buy a submarine. Eventually they "contacted" the crew of the "Tactician" and said whenever they could get over they would like to entertain them. Did we say entertain? That isn't the word.

The proceedings at Alfreton on Wednesday, October 4—mark the date, boys—went deeper than that. They were mothered, smothered in hospitality, and what dates were made for return visits are now in the lap of the gods. But there will be some. Sure.

It was all due to the good graces of people like Mr. F. T. Burditt, chairman of the Alfreton Savings Committee and local bank manager; Flt-Lt. C. A. M. Oakes, and Mrs. S. C. Towle, secretary of the Comforts Fund and others, that the adoption idea originated, and the townspeople put the ideas into practical effect by arranging a dinner and dance.

It was genial Bob Miller, landlord of the George Hotel, who offered to provide the dinner, but he said, disconsolately, "I have no staff." He was overheard by Capt. W. A. Dobson, Army Catering Adviser, of equal bonhomie, who said, "Bob, old boy, I can soon remedy that."

And let me tell you, he transplanted a number of his lads in khaki into the George Hotel kitchen, dressed some up



Seventeen stones of him—Charlie Harvey, a leading stoker, sings for some of the locals. Charlie has a fine strong baritone voice.

in white smocks as waiters, and hey presto, the dinner was cooked and served on time, and very nice, too.

Like the menu?—thick soup; roast beef and Yorkshire pud.; roast potatoes and cauliflower; sherry trifle; biscuits and cheese, and coffee, nicely printed on a special card, and as dessert, there were large bowls of rosy-cheeked apples, with cigarettes and cigars lavishly thrown in as makeweight. It was grand.

Capt. Dobson—in tones reminiscent of the famous Toastmasters in London—did his stuff, and speechmaking cut to a minimum, embraced something of wit.

But it was "Good Morning" photographer Bill Thompson who broke the ice. The 25 members of the crew were a bit shy at first, looked down decorously at the white napery, and shuffled their feet a bit! Now you know that's true, lads. Bit gossip. No there was no care of an ordeal wasn't it? But less talk about it, and Smithy Bill was taking a picture and is looking forward to playing

somehow his flash-bulb went some real football again. He's Fund, who pointed to a large banner, "Welcome to the Crew" on sizzling-like sausages in a nuts on the game. Well, the real fun started after the dinner. Many of H.M. Submarine "Tactician" high and bold on the wall, exposed.

He looked so puzzled that the lads began to grin, and, by the time the next bulb went off—correctly this time—the fun began, there was a rattle of crockery, the hum of voices and everything, as the Sheffield lad put it, "was all right, by gum."

Flt-Lt. Oakes, chairman at the dinner, made the speech of welcome and referred to the "navigation of the Navy" being better than the committee's. It seemed that there was a transport hitch, and while members were out looking for the lads, they had managed to get fixed up and arrived before the committee got back.

Responding, Lt. C. P. Bowers,

tall, bearded, and distinguished looking, regretted the absence

of the "skipper," Lt.-Cmdr. A. F. Collett, who, he said, had

gone to a new job. He said he

hoped it would not be the last

visit to Alfreton, the place of

their adoption.

"It means quite a lot for us to be adopted by a town, and it means that somebody is taking an interest in what we are doing. Even if the Admiralty does not always approve of us we know that somebody does," said he.

His toast to "Alfreton and its people" was drunk with great fervour. Welcome to the lads was also expressed by the Vicar of Alfreton, the Rev. L. H. de Gas.

And, while on the subject, "Good Morning" reporter thanks the three buddies, Whitby, Smith and Simpson for their entertaining after-dinner shuffles their feet a bit! Now you know that's true, lads. Bit gossip. No there was no care of an ordeal wasn't it? But less talk about it, and Smithy Bill was taking a picture and is looking forward to playing

the lively chatter, the lads were in great form, ready for

No film stars could have been more sedulously hunted for their autographs.

But, apart from autographs, many of the lads will have many new pen pals now. There stone Leading Stoker Charlie Harvey—was regaling the company—unaccompanied—with his promised to write nice long truly glorious basso profundo epistles.

And here is a smattering of conversation overheard. He: "They're playing a Tango." She: "I can't do a Tango." He: "That's all the better, I can't. But believe your 'Good Morning' reporter, they went on the grand shiny floor and did it. And very well, too.

Well, in between, photographer Bill Thompson took pictures, and the lads would insist on calling him "Ron"—after Ron Richards. He kept denying the soft impeachment, but had to let it go at that even-



Lieut. C. P. Bowers, temporary skipper, presents the Jolly Roger to members of the submarine committee.

the dance at the Drill Hall—tually. He was "Ron" to them the second stage of the well-all the time.

After the dance—and what a dance—the lads went to the homes of people in the town who had so gladly volunteered to have them. And next morning they were still extolling the virtues of Alfreton and its people. Yes, you'll remember the date, lads—October 4, 1944.

Anything can Explode—Even Blackberries

A DOCKHAND was killed recently when a barrel of explosive in this case was wheat dust, millions of minute particles distributed in the air. Pressed together, they would not only have been non-explosive, but even non-inflammable. Finely divided, so that each particle could instantly combine with unlimited oxygen from the air, they produced this devastating explosion.

It is an illustration of the truth that in certain conditions any substance in the world can act as an explosive as powerful as T.N.T.

The ordinary person would hardly think of wheat as an explosive. But some years ago the U.S. had a series of wheat explosions of such force that miles of streets were devastated.

In one of them, the biggest wheat elevator in the world, just outside Chicago, blew up, shattering windows for five miles round. Forty storage bins, weighing 300,000 tons, were shattered. The sound of the explosion was heard fifty miles away.

It would be difficult to produce this effect with T.N.T. The knocked over some things on

her table. Amongst them were trinkets, and she lit a match to look for them underneath the table. A tremendous explosion shattered the room and knocked her out.

She had spilled some face powder and by an unlucky chance the fine particles were distributed in the air in just the right condition for exploding.

There have been explosions of ordinary household dust as a result of a match being lit in a room just swept.

Wheat elevators and other factories where dust explosions may occur are not only fitted with dust-extracting apparatus, but also with large window surfaces which immediately give way to an explosion and thus minimise its effects.

Care is taken not to have naked flames. But sparks produced by hobnailed boots or tools have proved sufficient to start one of these curious explosions.

An aluminium factory in

Britain some years ago was damaged when fine aluminium dust exploded as a result of a flash of lightning.

Investigations have shown that explosions only occur when the dust is very finely divided—some hundreds of thousands of particles to the square inch. Modern safety measures include electrical devices for attracting the dust and making it join up into large particles.

The explosions are, of course, due to the very rapid combustion of the fine particles. The flame leaps at great speed from particle to particle, producing expanding hot gases.

An expert experimenting after the great elevator disasters found that a single sack of flour hung in a large room produced just the right dust for an explosion sufficient to throw the whole house to a height of 100 feet!

And who is it who stood, head to head, singing with a pretty dark-haired girl, in unison with the band, "You Need Sympathy"? No names no pack drill.

Most of this came after the formal ceremony of handing over the "Jolly Roger" by Lt. Bowers to Coun. C. H. Bishop, chairman of the Comforts

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Robert de Witt

Only Gagool, the sorceress, knows the secret

AFTER the fight was ended, Sir Henry and Good were carried into Twala's hut, where I joined them. Somehow, with the assistance of the beautiful Foulata, who, since we had been the means of saving her life, had constituted herself our handmaiden, army, had been destroyed in that and especially Good's, we man-awful struggle.

aged to get off the chain shirts. It was a few days after this which had certainly saved the that Ignosi held his great "in-lives of two of us that day, when daba" (council), and was formally we found that the flesh underneath recognised as king by the "in-

was terribly bruised, for though dunas" (head men) of Kukuana-

the steel links had prevented land.

the weapons from entering, they When the ceremony was over had not prevented them from we waited upon Ignosi, and in-bruising. As a remedy Foulata formed him that we were now brought us some pounded green anxious to investigate the mystery leaves, with an aromatic odour, of the mines to which Solomon's which, when applied as a plaster, Road ran, asking him if he had gave us considerable relief. But discovered anything about them.

"My friends," he answered, "this have I discovered. It is there that the three great figures sit, who here are called the 'Silent Ones,' and to whom Twala would have offered the girl Foulata as a sacrifice.

It is there, too, in a great cave deep in the mountain, that the kings of the land are buried; there shall ye find Twala's body, sitting with those who went before him.

There, too, is a great pit, which, at some time, long-dead men dug out, mayhap for the stones ye speak of, such as I have

swallowed, and then threw our Kimberley. There, too, in the selves down on the piles of magnificent karrosses, or fur rugs, known to none but the king and which were scattered about the Gagool. But Twala, who knew

it, is dead, and I know it not,

From every direction came the nor know I what is in it. But sound of the wailing of women there is a legend in the land that whose husbands, sons, and brothers once, many generations gone, had perished in the fight. No a white man crossed the moun-

wonder that they wailed, for tains, and was led by a woman over twenty thousand men, or to the secret chamber and shown

the wealth, but before he could take it she betrayed him, and he was driven by the king of the day back to the mountains, and since then no man has entered the chamber."

"The story is surely true, Ignosi, for on the mountains we found the white man," I said.

"Yes, we found him. And now I have promised ye that if ye can find that chamber, and the stones are there—"

"The stone upon your forehead proves that they are there," I put in, pointing to the great diamond I had taken from Twala's dead brows.

"Mayhap; if they are there," he said, "ye shall have as many as ye can take hence."

"First we must find the chamber," said I.

"There is but one who can show it to thee—Gagool."

"And if she will not?"

"Then shall she die," said Ignosi sternly. "I have saved her alive but for this. Stay, she shall choose," and calling to a messenger he ordered Gagool to be brought.

In a few minutes she came, from a woman?"

"It is difficult, yet will I do whom she was cursing as she it."

"How, O king?"

"Thou wilt tell me. I will make thee tell me."

"How, O king? Thou are great, but can thy power wring the truth

"Slowly Ignosi brought down the spear till it pricked the prostrate heap of rags.

With a wild yell she sprang

"I will not show it; thou darest not kill me, darest not. He who slays me will be accursed for ever."

"Cease thine evil talk and thou reveal where is the chamber, answer me," said Ignosi angrily.

"Wilt thou show the place where are the shining stones?"

"If thou wilt not thou diest, even now," and he seized a spear and held it over her.

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BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ODDITIES OF SPORT

By J. M. MICHAELSON

TAKING all ten wickets in a match is a feat so difficult that in first-class cricket it has been performed only about forty times in a century in all parts of the world. The record of John Wisden, who performed this feat and hit the wicket with the ball every time, may well stand for all time in first-class cricket.

The feat is rare enough in club cricket, and forty-four years ago, L. E. Newth, playing in a Junior League match at Kingswood, performed a feat which, if not unique, is probably as rare as picking up all thirteen cards of a suit at bridge. He took all ten wickets for no runs

In the first over he took five wickets (with six balls), in the second over four wickets, and captured the tenth wicket with the first ball of his third over. If there is anyone to rival this feat it is Private J. Leake, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, who in France in 1917 took all ten wickets of a Canadian A.S.C. team in 12 balls.

But a feat to beat all these is taking three wickets with one ball. It can't be done? Perhaps it never has been done, but it could be done, and this is how Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, the famous cricketer, suggested it would be done: "Nos. 9 and 10 are batting. Owing to an injury, No. 9 has to have a runner, and, as is usual in such cases, No. 11, as next man, is the runner.

"No. 10 has the strike. He gets hold of the ball good and hearty, driving it back plumb on to No. 11's knee-cap. While No. 11 goes down like a shot bison, the ball goes up and mid-on catches it. No. 10 is out caught. No. 11 is carried off on a stretcher and cannot possibly bat; and No. 9 hobble home to grouse at No. 10. One ball, three men *hors de combat*!"

That is an oddity that may occur in the future—there have been nearly as strange ways of getting out in the past!

A few seasons ago a batsman in a Liverpool University v. Manchester match at Old Trafford drove the ball powerfully. It struck the head of a fieldsman, bounced in the air and was caught by cover-point-out! J. C. White once hit the ball, but was bowled. A chip of wood from his bat flew backwards and knocked off a bail.

The cricket records are full of oddities showing that a game is never lost until the last ball is bowled. My vote for the oddest score of this kind goes to the Hants v. Warwickshire match of 1922, played at Birmingham. Warwick batted first for 223. When Hants went in they collapsed, to make one of the record low first-class scores of all time—all out for 15, with eight of the team failing to make a run between them and "byes" second-highest scorer with four.

In the follow-on, Hants proceeded to make one of the highest second-innings scores of all time—521! It was only poetic justice, perhaps, that Warwickshire, in their second innings, failed to make the 314 required and were beaten by 176 runs. I often wonder what odds a bookie would have been willing to give against Hants winning when, with only four wickets to fall in their second innings, they were still 39 behind Warwick's first-innings total.

SOMETIMES in the cricket scores you see "Retired hurt." That can cover all sorts of odd ways of being out. While batting for a club team at Eastbourne in 1937, Mr. C. E. M. Green swallowed a bee—and retired for treatment. Remarkably, he returned to complete a fine century which he had only begun when the bee took a hand.

It is by no means the first time that bees have stopped play. Usually at Manchester it is rain that stops play. In a match in 1887, a swarm of bees decided the stumps would be a good place to settle!

I have records of all sorts of other animals and insects intervening in games of cricket. A Notts v. Gloucester match at Trent Bridge was held up by swallows darting low over the pitch. Players retired hurriedly from the pitch at Dover on one occasion when a bull somehow got on to the ground. The umpires never heard the last of their failure to pick up the balls before beating it!

In 1892, the M.C.C. v. Yorks match at Scarborough stopped temporarily while a runaway horse with a cart attached crossed the pitch. In Australia matches have been stopped by swarms of locusts settling on the field.

Alex Cracks

Shop Assistant: "A collar for your husband? What size?"

Very Large Lady: "I've forgotten the size, but I can just reach round his neck with both hands."

A man went into a chemist's shop in Aberdeen and bought a tooth-brush. He tendered a ten-shilling note in payment, and went away without his change. To attract his attention, the chemist tapped on the window with a sponge.

The modern woman is showing more "backbone" than any of her predecessors since evening frocks first came into fashion.

Good Morning

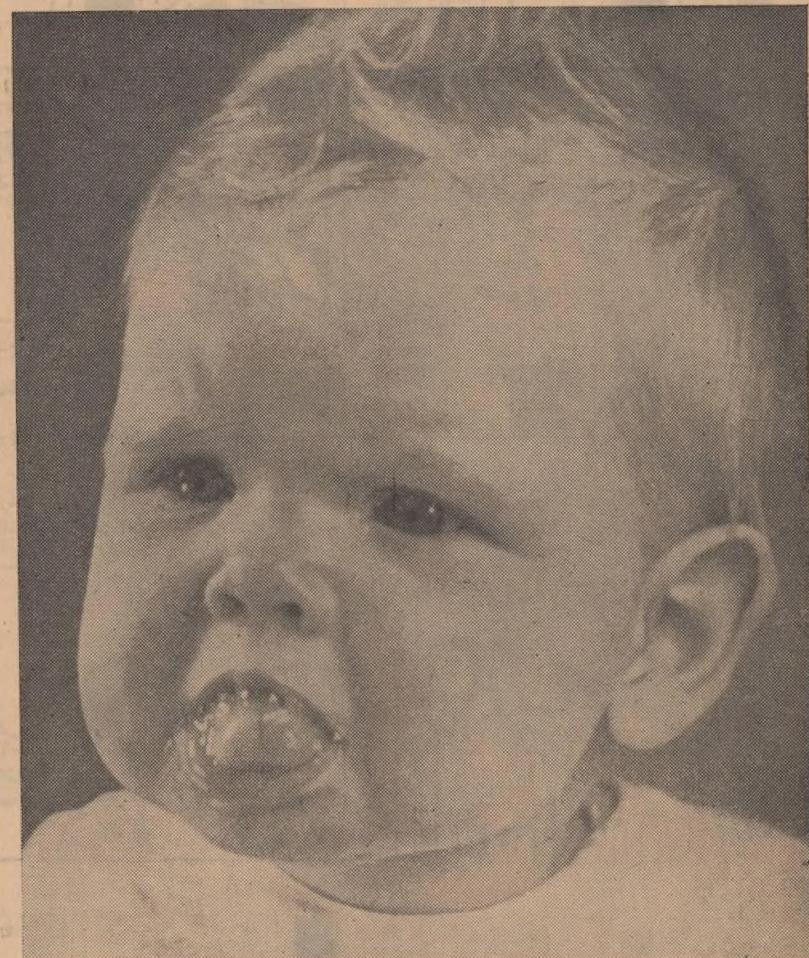


GUESS WE'LL WAIT UNTIL SHE MOULTS

We just know Elaine Riley is Irish. How? We can tell it from the blarney in her knees. There's another—quite unimportant reason why we're so sure. It's on account of RKO Radio, her lucky employers, told us so!

This England

Shakespeare's country—and, at a rough guess, we would say these houses in Mill Street, Warwick, looked much about the same in Shakespeare's day.



"What I think of what you're doing is adequately expressed, I think, by what I'm doing."



A maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and helped her to peg out.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd bite off his nose, if I were in the garden."

